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GOD'S TEACHERS.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living
preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Ye matin-worshippers! Who bending
lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless
eye—
Throw from your chalice a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate
What numerous emblems of instructive
duty

Your forms create!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush with-
out a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes
like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transi-
tory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly
Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's
widespread hall
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made
for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day
and night,
From every source your sanction bids me
treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could
furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet token of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in
earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands
remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or
divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy or-
daining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!
—Horace Smith.

Jonesy's Tarantulas.

BY EDWIN COLLE

Jonesy, the bugler of Troop X, which was stationed in Arizona near the Mexican border, was catching tarantulas by the simple method of pouring water from a bucket down their holes until the big spiders, concluding that the rainy season had arrived at last, came forth rejoicing—only to suffer ignominious capture. Later they were to be preserved in alcohol and shipped north to Jonesy's home—staying friends as a pleasing memento of the country.

It was entertaining and midly exciting to see the funny venomous creature bob out of their holes, hesitate in the bright sunlight only to be flicked into a cigar box, there to wait until Jonesy later "pickled" them. Not every hole yielded a tenant—which added to the suspense; and not every ugly creature was captured—which added to the excitement; but the chase yielded fair results, and Jonesy, having secured three in as many new cigar boxes that the captain had given him, carefully pressed in the brads that held the covers and started back for camp.

It was July, and rain had not fallen for a year. The alkali dust was the plaything of every zephyr that blew—and there were many. The springs were drying up, and old Mother Earth, as the first sergeant remarked, was cracking open.

With his boxes under his arm Jonesy, smothered between the scorching sun above and the reflected glare of the bare earth beneath, crossed the parade ground and entered his tent, where he paused to glance at the thermometer and whistled softly. "One hundred and seven!" he murmured in awe.

Callahan, the stable sergeant, lying half asleep flat on his back, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, heard the whistle and looked listlessly across the tent in time to see Jonesy deposit his cigar boxes carefully beneath his cot; then the sergeant dozen off again.

Jonesy removed hat and putties and shoes and sprawled out on his cot in the same position as that of the half a dozen others of his tent mates and presently was asleep. Now Jonesy was something more than the bugler of the troop; he was also practical

joker in chief. He was accused too of being the "old man's" pet, and here must have been some justification in the charge, else he would not have survived some of the pranks he played on his fellow troopers. But if he was the captain's pet, he was also the troop's, and, pest that he was, his diminutive size and disproportionate grin never failed to bring an answering smile either from officer or from Johnny.

Now he slept soundly until the captain's voice woke him. "Time for the afternoon drill. Sound the Assembly, Jonesy."

Jonesy sat up in his cot in time to see the commanding officer's form as he strolled listlessly back to his own tent. He hastily pulled on his shoes and strapped on his putties; then, clapping on his hat, he reached for his bugle and stepped out again into the torrid heat. He moistened parched lips and "sounded off" with a break in his high note that brought forth good-natured ridicule from his tent mates.

The troop rode forth that afternoon to a ranch that lay beside an artificial pond among gratefully green cottonwoods down the valley. There on a level plateau they went through the various formations of the drill, as the sun sank gradually in the western mountains, and with the lengthening shadows the country took on its first signs of habitability.

Slater, the rancher, standing beside his wife and their little girl, had watched the drill. At the end while the troop was at rest the three came over to where the captain and Jonesy were. Jonesy was acting as the captain's orderly and was holding the two horses.

"Low as how we'd like to have you stay on to supper, captain," said the rancher hospitably as he came up.

It was not his first invitation nor the first time the captain had eaten at the ranch. The change of fare was agreeable, and the company of the homely couple and their child was more so to the lonely officer.

"Thank you; I should be glad to," answered the captain, frankly pleased.

"An' I want Jonesy to stay on," piped up the little girl.

The others laughed, and Jonesy grinned with embarrassment and pleasure; he and little Catherine had long been fast friends.

"Can you spare him from the troop?" Slater asked.

"Sure," answered the captain good-naturedly. "Jones and I are the only ones in the outfit who would never be missed."

The first sergeant rode off with the troop, and the captain sat with the rancher and his wife under the shade of a big cottonwood while Jonesy, accompanied by the little girl, led the horses to a nearby corral and removed saddles and bridles.

They all ate supper at one table; the captain waived discipline out of politeness to his hosts, who set a place for Jonesy as a matter of course. They were half through the meal when the remark was made that spoiled the evening for Jonesy.

Slater and the captain had been talking about duck shooting and were making tentative plans to try their luck some morning. "Last time I got out my shotgun," Slater drawled in the way of that country, "I near caught bigger game than I figgered. Kate was sittin' on the floor playin' dolls, and I took the gun up from the corner and opened the breach to see what shape the barrels was in, when a big t'rangler dropped out of one of the barrels onto the floor. I was scared stiff for a minute an' didn't dare move, an' then Kate lit out one way, and the spider the other, an' I got it with the butt of the gun."

Jonesy slunk in the chair, and his face grew long; he had forgotten all about his capture. To be sure he had closed the lids of the boxes and held them, but he knew that anything in the tent was common property, and moreover the memory of an incident of the evening before came to him with uncomfortable force. Jonesy's tent mates were the sergeants of the troop—all expect the first sergeant, who lived in lonely state. They had suffered much at Jonesy's hands, and there had been some instances of retribution, but the little bugler had scored the latest point. The day previous a sizable

package had come on the buckboard mail addressed to Hayden, the first duty sergeant. It was not the first package of its kind that he had received. Far away up North was a young lady who some day would cook his meals and who now seemed to take much delight in sending occasional samples of what he might expect.

Hayden was on patrol when the mail arrived, and the package was laid on his cot. That noon when the sergeant entered the tent after mess they beheld a wonderful loaf cake with a glistening frosting, cut into generous slices, resting on the common table. Inserted in one corner was a bit of brown paper that bore the invitation, "Compliments of Sergeant Hayden."

The sergeants had descended upon the cake with whoops of joy. Whatever their misgivings, as Hayden was away on patrol, here was sufficient excuse not to heed them. When Hayden himself strode in, hot and dusty, several hours later, the troop was at drill. The cake tin, the legend it bore and one piece of cake, were all that was left. Slowly munching the cake, he picked up the note and scanned it. "Jonesy!" he said. "If I don't get even with that young runt!"

And it seemed that the time when he might "get even" had come the following evening when the captain and Jonesy were away at the ranch. The glories of an Arizona sunset had faded in the west. Myriads of stars swept down to the very horizon, and the revivifying coolness of night in the mountains had chased away the choking heat. The sergeants lay about on their cots discussing the events of the day.

"Mighty fine cake your girl makes, Hayden," said some one with a reminiscent sigh.

Hayden grunted. "I'll take your word for it," he said. And there was a laugh.

"That man Jones is a case," observed another.

"Kind of miss the little runt when he ain't around though," said a third.

"Uh-huh," agreed Hayden with dry sarcasm. "Think you would!"

Which brought another laugh, for the reason of Hayden's apparent generosity had not long been left in doubt.

Callahan sat up suddenly in his cot. "That makes me think," he said with sudden interest, "I saw the runt hiding something under his cot today. Looked like a cigar box. Wonder what's in it?"

Hayden was on his feet at once. "If that kid has anything, it's on me," he said. He knelt beside Jonesy's cot and peered under. Then he let out a shout of joy and brought out three brand-new cigar boxes.

"You know me, sarge," shouted one.

"Don't forget your side partner," said another.

Hayden deposited all three boxes under the lantern on the table and took out his jack-knife. "Feel kind of light," he said; "don't get your expectations up too high."

He inserted the blade of his knife under a lid. The other sergeants gathered about him.

"Me for the first grab," said one.

"I reckon the first grab is mine," drawled Hayden in the tone of the country.

Back at the supper table at the ranch the captain had taken up the conversation where Slater had stopped. That was a close squeak. Were you ever bitten by a tarantula?

"No. Nor I don't want to be. I've seen those who have been, and it ain't pleasant. They are sure champion high jumpers," the rancher went on. "No sign or motion and they come right at you like a flash."

Jonesy got suddenly to his feet; his face was white.

The captain stared at him. "What's the matter, Jones?" he demanded. "Haven't got one biting you, have you?"

"I—I feel kind o' sick, captain," stammered Jones. "Can I go back to camp?"

The captain's face wore a puzzled frown.

"I don't want you to go," said little Catherine imperiously.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the captain.

"If your sick, you'd better not

pound leather all the way to camp," remarked Slater.

Jonesy was desperate. "There's something I forgot to do," he explained, realizing too late that two excuses may be worse than none.

The captain looked him over sternly. "When you are with your captain, Jones," he said with ominous quiet, "there is only one thing you have to do, and that is to await orders."

Poor Jonesy sat down in his chair in disgrace. Then he thought of his tent mates and got up again. For all the pranks he had played on them there was not one whom he did not love as a brother. He remembered Hayden and the theft of his cake. Hayden would be sure to be up to something to "get even" "I've got to go, captain," he pleaded, and then he told about his captives.

"Take my horse and beat it as fast as you can. I'll follow on old Doughboy," said the captain with quick decision.

Jonesy had his saddle on Cyclone, the captain's horse, and the cinch tightened in less time than it takes to tell about it. The nervous animal fussed some over taking the bit, and Jonesy jammed it between his teeth in a way that made the animal rear. Then he was on his back and thundering down the road over the dam that made the pond and across the mesquite-sprinkled desert. Cyclone paid no attention to gopher holes and gullies. The thorns of the mesquite scratched him, unheeded. In a wild leap he cleared the low bars of a gateway in the wire fence that surrounded the ranch. He was living up to his name.

It was four miles to camp, and, although the desert flowed underfoot like a wide white stream, they seemed ten to poor Jonesy.

The sentry heard him thundering down the road to camp and turned out the guard, who barred his way at the entrance to the company street.

"It's me—Jones!" the little bugler shouted, and flinging himself from his horse, ran to his tent.

Hayden had the blade inserted under the lid of a cigar box and was gently prying for fear of breaking the steel. He and the other sergeants looked up at the sound of quick steps and behold Jonesy in the doorway.

"Don't open those boxes!" gasped Jonesy, out of breath.

"Oh, no, we won't open 'em," jested Callahan. He made a show as if he were going to pry his open with his finger nails.

"There's tarantulas in 'em!" cried Jonesy.

A general laugh greeted the remark. "You're sure it ain't rattlesnakes?" some one inquired. Jonesy was living up to his reputation as a practical joker.

"Some of you fellows had better hold him while I open this and see," suggested Hayden.

Other sergeants laid hands on Jonesy, who fought and struggled like a wildcat. "It's the truth!" he cried.

"We'll just look and see," said Hayden. He had taken up his knife again and was inserting it under the lid.

Jonesy fairly raved then. The world went red and then black. He had fooled these men so often that now when it was of supreme importance that they should believe him they thought that he was merely jesting.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded a sharp voice at the door of the tent.

The men sprang to attention. It was the second lieutenant, the officer of the day. He looked from Jonesy to his captors and back again.

"They're opening my boxes," stammered Jones.

A glint of amusement softened the officer's expression. From the captain down the troop knew of Jonesy's propensities. Then too word of the joke that Jonesy had played on Hayden had made its way up to the officers' mess. Perhaps it was a fair

reprisal that an officer should not interrupt. The lieutenant grinned.

"You are more generous with other men's goods than with your own, Jones," he observed and turned to go away in the laugh that followed.

"Lieutenant!" cried Jonesy, in agony, "The boxes have got tarantulas in them!"

A louder laugh than ever went up. Jonesy was not above "putting one over" on an officer even, it seemed.

"If they are tarantulas, they'll appreciate a breath of air," retorted the officer dryly, not too well pleased at Jonesy's seeming pertness. "And another thing, Jones," he added, "it isn't good form or good for discipline to try to deceive an officer—even in fun."

"But it's—the truth!" panted Jonesy.

"I hope that it is—for your sake," said the Lieutenant. He turned to Hayden. "You may open the box, sergeant, and you had better assume for the present that for once Jones is not joking."

With exaggerated caution Hayden loosened the brad and tipped back the lid of the box. Then he stepped quickly away. A monstrous hairy spider crouched in the bottom.

"Look out, they jump like a kangaroo!" warned some one.

There was the flash of Jonesy's bugle in the air, and it descended and crushed the life out of the venomous creature.

The little bugler sat weakly down on his cot, forgetting even the presence of the officer. "Fellers," he said, with deep sincerity, "I'm through with this practical joking!" —*Youth's Companion.*

Care of the Scalp

Among the minor ills—those, namely, which do not threaten life or impair physical efficiency—there is perhaps one that occasions more distress than the various troubles that effect the hair of the head. "A woman's glory is her hair," and man's would be his if he could only keep it! In most cases he could keep it if he would only begin to care for it soon enough, but good hair is like good health; we seldom appreciate it or think of means for preserving it until it begins to depart, and then it is often too late.

Many of the troubles with our hair—lack of lustre, brittleness, dandruff, thinning or actual baldness—come primarily from lack of nutrition.

The skin of the scalp, unlike the skin of the rest of the body, is stretched over a bony surface, so that its blood supply must be brought from a distance and is almost completely shut off by pressure against the skull such as made by the rim of a man's straw hat or his derby. The stiff hat, by the way, is undoubtedly the main reason that so many more men than women grow bald. The instances of baldness in women can usually be explained by lack of care or by neglect of some disease of the scalp.

The great thing in caring for the scalp is to maintain a good supply of blood for nourishing the hair bulbs. Massage—that is, vigorous rubbing night and morning combined with pinching the scalp between thumb and forefinger—will help greatly. If that is done faithfully from early life, a man may, if he avoids the stiff hat, not only preserve his hair but also retard or prevent its becoming gray.

Shampooing the healthy scalp beyond what is necessary for cleanliness—once every week or fortnight—is harmful. There is nothing better for the shampoo than tincture of green soap. After the washing, the hair should be thoroughly rinsed in cool or cold water, and then a very little yellow vaseline or a mixture of vaseline and lanolin should be rubbed into the roots. When the scalp has been neglected the hair may become dry and lack lustre. For that condition a pomade of equal parts of citrine ointment, yellow vaseline and lanolin is useful. A little of the mixture well rubbed into the roots at night once a week or so and washed out with a shampoo of tincture of green soap in the morning will often bring back the natural beauty of the hair.

The highest mountain on the moon is said to be 36,000 feet high.

A Beautiful Ministry.

It will doubtless surprise many people to learn that for more than fifty years, missionaries have been working among the deaf in the diocese of Newark, supplying a real need in the lives of a class of people whose infirmity deprives them of the privilege of religious worship, save through specially adapted means.

The first services for the deaf in New Jersey were held in St. Paul's Church, Paterson, in 1872, by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., the founder of Church work among the deaf in the United States. He had established St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes in New York City in 1852. So successful was this venture of faith that in a few years Dr. Gallaudet was holding services for the deaf in numerous places outside of New York. Then the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was incorporated with a more extensive field of operation than St. Ann's Church, embracing practically the entire region east of the Mississippi River and bringing the light of the Gospel and the ministrations of the Church to several thousand deaf-mutes. The work has since spread over the entire country, and twenty ordained deaf clergymen are ministering to their fellow deaf under their Bishops and diocesan authorities. The pioneer society now confines its work to the Dioceses of New York, Newark and Long Island.

Dr. Gallaudet died in 1902 and was succeeded as Vicar of St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, and General Manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes by his co-worker, the Rev. John Chamberlain, D. D. For forty nine years this faithful priest ministered to the deaf. Services were held regularly on the first and third Sundays of the month in Trinity Church, Newark, and at St. Paul's Church, Paterson. Much was done in the way of visiting the sick, relieving the wants of the poor and distressed, finding work for the unemployed and in various forms of social and welfare work.

On the death of Dr. Chamberlain in 1921, his assistant, the Rev. John H. Kent, a deaf clergyman, was placed in charge of the work. A survey of the Diocese of Newark showed several hundred deaf mutes residing within its boundaries. To concentrate and make more efficient the work, Mr. Kent organized a society among the deaf known as St. Thomas' Mission. Its aims were to interest the deaf in the Church, to provide more frequent opportunities for worship, to look after the sick and destitute and find work for the unemployed and to take care of the aged and infirm, and through social gatherings, lectures and entertainments to bring into their lives the social privileges and amenities that are a part of every well-organized parish and are of far more importance in the work among the deaf, owing to the limitations imposed on them by their infirmity. In this work he has been ably assisted by deaf laymen, notably Mr. R. M. Robertson, of Arlington, Mr. A. L. Thomas and Mr. John Ward, of Newark, who are untiring in their efforts to promote the welfare of their fellow deaf. The ladies have organized an auxiliary under Mrs. George Witschke and Mrs. John Ward. A branch of the society is in Paterson under the leadership of Mr. William Atkinson and meets at St. Paul's Church, and another branch is at St. Mary's Church, Jersey City. Not the least of the aims of the society is the building of a Church and Community Center for the deaf of the diocese. Through their own efforts they have accumulated a fund of over a thousand dollars toward this object.

At the churches named, Mr. Kent maintains a regular schedule of services supplemented by a variety of pastoral ministrations. At Trinity Church services are held on the first and third Sundays of the month at three o'clock, the Holy Communion being celebrated on the third Sunday. At St. Paul's Church, Paterson, the Holy Communion is celebrated on the third Sunday at 10:30 a.m., and at St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, Holy Communion on the second Sunday, at 10:30; evening prayer on third Sunday at 8 p.m. The chief difficulty is that the deaf are widely scattered, one here and one there, so that much of the work assumes the character of a mission to individuals. The missionary

through calls and services in homes where only two or three can be gathered together, tries to bring the Church to them.

Another difficulty is finding suitable places for the lectures and social gatherings. In a busy parish, such as Trinity, there are few occasions when the Parish House can be placed at the disposal of the deaf, so rooms have to be rented elsewhere and not always in suitable locations. These gatherings, from which the deaf derive so much profit and pleasure, are not held as often as they should be, because of the expense involved.

The services are held in the sign language, the natural language of the deaf. Contrary to popular belief, this language is not a conglomeration of arbitrary gestures, but a living, growing language, closely approaching Latin in its simplicity, logical order and arrangement. It is capable of expressing anything that can be expressed by the spoken or written word. The Prayer Book services of the Church adapt themselves readily to translation in this beautiful and expressive sign language. Without it the deaf would be barred from intelligent participation in public worship and from quick and easy intercourse with their fellow deaf. It has lifted the terrible burden of silence.

With the care of several hundred deaf mutes scattered over a radius of a hundred miles, in the three dioceses; with St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes on Washington Heights, New York City, of which he is Vicar and which is the center of the social and religious work among the deaf, Mr. Kent finds time to devote to the deaf in New Jersey; though not as much as he desires. The hampering restrictions are lack of funds for travelling expenses and social work. Still much progress of a permanent character has been made. Directly and indirectly the Church through its silent missionary reaches the many deaf without the diocese and is a wholesome, necessary and uplifting influence in their lives. —*Newark Churchman.*

The Treasures of Yucatan

When Yucatan is mentioned the average person thinks of chewing gum or binder twine, for that is where chicle and sisal come from, but to Lady Richmond Brown, a hardy British traveler, the name of the flat-topped promontory jutting out into the Gulf just below the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, brings up visions of buried treasure—of gold and silver, carved jade and precious stones.

Consequently, Lady Richmond is about to take a ship and return to Central America, to British Honduras, just south of the jungles to Yucatan, where she has leased 70,000 acres and hopes to unearth rich relics of the ancient civilization of the Mayas.

Lady Richmond dreams of treasure-trove, but others actually have found it.

Dr. Thomas Gann, an old resident of British Honduras, who has done considerable archaeological work, and Dr. Sylvanus Morley of Carnegie Institute, an authority on the Mayan glyphs, not only uncovered some ruins of what were stately palaces and temples, but have brought to light jewel and workings in precious metals.

Yucatan, Dr. Gann reveals in a book just off the press, is a land without rivers. The only drinkable water is found in peculiar cenotes, deep cold pools in the limestone, which underlies the soil of the whole peninsula.

There was an ancient legend, which explorers learned from the Santa Cruz Indians, the descendants of the ancient Mayas, that offerings of gold and jewels and sometimes young girls were thrown into these deep pools.

These tales were regarded as myths until Gann and Morley drained and dredged the great cenote of sacrifice and found carved jade, beads, jewels and gold work, a large mass of which was sent to enrich the Peabody museum collection at Harvard.

Lady Richmond may recover wealth in gold and jewels, but if she can add to the almost unknown history of the Mayas she will have better served mankind. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Saturday, May 30th, at the Polo Grounds there were a score of Giants' silent rooters, but the majority of the deaf of Greater New York hied to the Sea Shore, mostly to Coney Island, to see the many fine improvements made, which in time this resort is to be made the finest in America. Some went to Sheepshead Bay, where they have canoes and motor boats, and enjoyed a day of real pleasure on the waters.

The parade by National Guard and War Veterans was witnessed by many of the deaf, and some, perhaps a great many, paid visits to cemeteries in the morning or afternoon.

Recently on a Sunday afternoon, a surprise party was tendered to Miss Lillian Benowitz at her home by Mrs. Annie Kaminsky.

Her girl friends gathered at her home while she was on a visit to Mrs. Henry Peters. A wire was sent her to come home, which she did unwillingly.

Upon reaching home, she was astonished to find all the doors shut, an unusual thing, even her own bedroom refused to yield. She trembled as her home was previously robbed twice. She asked Mr. Louis Borowick to open the dining room for her. Instead of finding burglars, she was agreeably surprised to find several of her best friends there.

The dining room was decorated in yellow and lavender. The table was beautifully set in harmonizing colors.

Mr. Borowick, who is an expert at photography, took a snap shot of the table and guests.

Miss Lillian Benowitz is to be married to Louis Borowick, on June 6th, 1925, and the surprise of the evening was when she was presented with a Blue Bird set of Wallace flat silver ware of twenty six pieces, odd nippon-hand painted tea-set with tray to match, and blue glass candy jar.

The party broke up at about eleven o'clock, with best wishes for a happy and successful marriage. Those who were present include the following: Misses Celia Epstein, Mary Hornstein, Dora Israel, Betty Nooger, Ida Teherer, Rose Loebel, Sarah Kautzer, Bessie Smelkin, Rose Stahl, Lena Stofoff, Ruth Weener, garden and Lillian Benowitz, Mesdames Charles Golden, Samuel Lowenherz, Ludwig Fischer and Annie Kaminsky.

The American Society of Deaf Artists held their closing meeting of the season at the home Mr. and Mrs. Borgstrand, on East 33d Street, Saturday evening, May 23d.

The regular business was gone over and results showed a surprising gain in every way—helpfulness, social activities and the gain in new membership and interest in the work to such an extent hardly dreamed of. At least seven new members applied for membership at this one meeting alone.

The regular annual summer outing and frolic of the society will be held as usual. The committee is holding the secret of just where and what surprise is in store.

Several of the members will journey to Europe this summer. Mr. Alexander to France; Miss Fousseadier, France; Mr. Ljungquist, Norway.

The surprising growth in activities, and interest is a sign that the society has passed through its struggle stage and is now in one of steady growth.

After the meeting, Mrs. Borgstrand prepared a treat in the way of a supper that bordered on a feast. There was everything there, even to strawberry shortcake and whipped cream, and the vote of thanksgiving her and Mr. B. was a standing one.

The drawing for the beaded tapestry bag made by Miss Fousseadier to aid the deaf of France, was won by Miss H. Liberman, of 3331 Willett Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

At St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, the Right Reverend Arthur S. Lloyd, Suffragan Bishop of New York, confirmed twelve new members at the afternoon service. The service was largely attended in spite of a pouring rain. The Bishop's sermon was translated into signs by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf. Bishop Lloyd is a faithful friend of church work among the deaf, and he addressed the congregation as one of his own.

The Rev. John H. Kent assisted with the prayer service, and places in the service were also occupied by the Rev. Frederick Burgess, Jr., Rector of St. Matthew and St. Timothy, and the Rev. Mr. Peckham, Rector of St. Mark's Brooklyn.

The candidates confirmed were: Misses Myra L. Barrager, Estelle Maxwell, Marie Lewis, Edrella Whiting, and Hulda Carlson, Mrs. Henry Beyer, Mrs. James B. Gass, Messrs. John W. Kirk, John Venturi, Edmund Hicks, and Butler Atkinson.

SEATTLE.

A farewell party was tendered to Mrs. E. Riedel, who has lived in Old Mill, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past thirty-five years. She is 81 years old, and is going to reside with her son in Bridgeport, Ct.

The party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kansriddle. A fine supper was served, and all did full justice to it. There was music, furnished by Mr. J. Kansriddle, Jr., and Mr. C. Stenz.

After the repeat Mrs. A. Dackerman made a short speech, in which she told of the good qualities and the popularity of Mrs. Riedel.

Those present at the party were, besides the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kansriddle and their son, Alfred, and the honored guest, Mrs. E. Riedel, the following: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stenz, Mr. and Mrs. R. Laing, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Laing, Mr. and Mrs. Engelbert and daughter Sophia, of Hartford, Ct., Mr. and Mrs. S. McLaughlin, Miss A. Lumlan, Mrs. Edith Dackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, of Greenwich, Ct., Mrs. B. Reddy, daughter of Mrs. E. Riedel, of Greenwich, Ct., Mr. John J. Martin, Mrs. A. Dackerman and daughter, Mr. Charles Cavanaugh, Mrs. Edith Weagan, of Connecticut, Mrs. Kallman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Zeller, Mrs. L. Mallone, Miss R. Behrens, Mrs. A. Tweed, Mr. M. Eriz, Miss Ada Davis, Miss Annie C. Kugeler and ten hearing persons, Mr. A. Palnone, Mr. Eoka.

Mrs. E. Riedel, on Sunday morning, Mrs. with Mr. and Mrs. J. Kansriddle, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. B. Reddy and Mr. R. Laing, left by auto for Bridgeport, where she is to make her home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kansriddle will tarry in Bridgeport for a week or two.

When Mrs. E. Riedel left the scene of her dear old home in Old Mill, there were many deaf-mute friends to bid her farewell.

The New York Branch of the Owls, held an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. C. Barnes, on Wednesday. After a short business discussion at which plans were made for the opening of the Fall schedule, and refreshments, the time was devoted to anecdotes of first experiences of College life, which were roilingly funny. They had the pleasure of meeting Miss Mary Gorman, of Paterson, who was one of the thirteen charter members at Gallaudet about twenty-five years ago. She related how one naughty college boy burlesqued the owls then by sending them a picture of the bunch, each represented by an owl according to their size, Mrs. Barnes being the fattest owl there was.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim has, for some time, been a stockholder of the New York Title and Mortgage Company. This Company makes a specialty of selling guaranteed 5% per cent first mortgage certificates on very high class apartment houses in almost every large residential district in New York City. These mortgage certificates are a legal investment for trust funds. Mr. Frankenheim has sold quite a number of certificates to the deaf in New York and elsewhere.

The following named deaf mates made a trip to West Point, N. Y., to see the Military Academy and Uncle Sam's Cadet drill on Decoration Day: Messrs. J. Abramowitz, A. Barr, L. Bezson, Ed. Lambertson, J. Peters, P. Murtough, Misses Vera Hoffman, Rebecca Champagne, Sally Karten, Catherine Neth, Sarah Sanger, Goldowitz, Mr. and Mrs. L. Weinberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. Davis and son.

Mr. Clarence Murday arrived in New York City last week, after a fourteen days automobile trip from the Pacific Coast. He was accompanied by a hearing gentleman. He had a very pleasant and enjoyable trip. He expects to remain in New York about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Dickerson and Mr. Lowerberg, of Boston, Mass., were among the many other out-of-town visitors in New York on Memorial Day. They motored all the way here, and greatly enjoyed the trip and their stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dembo, of Fayetteville, N. C., formerly of New York City, announce the birth of a boy, born May 21st, 1925. Both mother and baby are doing well. Mrs. Dembo was, before her marriage, Sadie Stein.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League team journeyed to Woodside, L. I., on Sunday, May 31st, and played a 6-inning game with the strong semi-professional Metropolitan Club, and were beaten 9 to 0.

Mr. Smoak, of Washington, D. C., motored to the city, on Saturday. He was present at the Panwood Track and Field Meet in the afternoon.

Mr. Abe Galland's children sent bunches of beautiful flowers to their grandmother, who is sick in a hospital, and is not expected to live long.

Miss Rebecca Miskin, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Samuel Brosnais, of New Jersey, were married on Sunday, May 31st.

Albert Neger, of Newark, N. J., spent Decoration Day at Atlantic City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Deer, of Shelton, former Gallaudet students, are the proud parents of a fine eight-pound boy, born May 15th. Since leaving the college, Dewey has been working with his father, growing Olympia oysters. They own their cozy home in that little city, which the writer visited last summer.

True Partridge traded his Spokane lot, which was in his possession for many years, for a Magnolia Bluff lot with a magnificent view of Puget Sound. Some day, he and his helpmate will build a home there.

By the assistance of Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner, Carl Garrison and John Hood have secured positions with a hardwood flooring concern. The boys are giving great satisfaction, the company reports.

A. H. Koberstein took a train to Oregon, May 14th, to visit his sister and to bring his little Bobby back to Seattle, where another sister will look after the boy. There is an older son, Daniel, a healthy chap living with his dad and who is a newsboy for the Times.

Sunday, Mother's Day, attracted all lovers of nature outdoors, but notwithstanding there were forty-one in attendance at the Lutheran Church of Our Redeemer to listen to Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner's enticing sermon. Part of the instructive preaching was about Mother's Day.

At Mrs. Bertram's home two new members joined the Golden Rule Sewing Club, who were Mrs. Root and Mrs. Partridge. Because of the coming convention next July, it was decided to skip the June and July meetings and resume them in August at Mt. Baker Park with a picnic. The twelve ladies present had a bountiful lunch served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright and grandson, Jean, visited the lovely home of Mayor Riley and Mrs. Geo. Riley for the week-end in Victoria, one of Canada's prettiest cities. The Canadian Pacific has just put on two fine new boats on the triangular route from Seattle to Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., that could be used as regular ocean steamers. They look too big for the amount of travel at this time, but they will be taxed to capacity when the tourist season is fully on.

Mrs. Martin Aarhans was given a surprise birthday party May 15th. Most of the fifteen ladies present brought her a nice and useful gift.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin has returned home, greatly refreshed, from Arlington, where she was visiting for a few weeks with her old friend, Mrs. Brazleton.

The concern at the dock with which Bert Haire worked as a box nailer, temporarily laid off its men, but Bert after finishing his house found another place near Kent, where he will work till he is called back to his old job.

Mrs. Lydia Schaaf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Waugh, has returned home from the hospital, where she was being treated for a nervous break down. She is at present much improved.

On account of poor health, E. W. Brown had to quit his occupation at the brush factory. On the 23d of May, he was suddenly taken quite ill, but we trust, he will get better soon.

Mrs. G. A. Pierson's young daughter Elma, was operated successfully for inside goitre last April. She is home from the hospital and is on the road to recovery. Mrs. Pierson lives in Lowell, Wash., near Everett.

Joe Kirschbaum has traded his Ford roadster for a Ford sedan. Sidney Raison, who has been a tailor for several years for the Pacific Outfitting Co., and his wife moved to Nob Hill, a better district a short time ago. They are economizing and so hope to own their own home.

Bryan Wilson, one of our young men, is contemplating the purchase of a Star car. Lucky is the girl who goes with him. Roy Harris is now a skilled driver and his best girl goes out with him every Sunday.

While Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner was in Spokane this month to help Rev. Price, as is his custom once in a while, the deaf people there made our minister a present of ten dollars.

The article by Robert C. Miller in the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL May 14th, is worth reading, every statement a fact. Our club, the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf, has chosen a committee to fight against oralism in Seattle, but we find that it is not easy to go ahead and fight, especially when parents of deaf children want them to learn to talk orally like themselves, but the fight is still on. It is a fine idea for every State to have a representative on the executive committee of the National Association of the Deaf as suggested by Mr. Miller. We think the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL is sufficient for the whole Union, and it is our duty to discourage any more independent papers for the deaf.

To contribute toward the fund being raised for the entertainment of W. S. A. D. convention visitors in July, some of the younger set gave a play, consisting of various vaudeville stunts, at the Swedish hall Saturday night. The different acts were carried out quite creditably, considering the amount of

practice the players had. Eddie Martin was the managing director, and those taking part were: Oscar Sanders, Edwin Johnson, John Hool, John Hagadorn, Frank Kelly, Harold Harris and Joseph Kirschbaum and the Misses Seipp and Freese and little Mary Bodley.

At the last meeting of the W. S. A. D. local committee, they decided on Seward Park as the place for our July 4th picnic.

PUGET SOUND.

May 24, 1925.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Well, here we are in the midst of the beautiful Spring time with roses, flowers of many different kinds, in Portland, which makes her rich with scenic. The writer, who was in the East one summer lately, taking in many scenic trips in Minnesota, Michigan and in Alberta, Canada, found Oregon to be the finest scenic empire after all. While the East is shivering, or roasting, Oregon has had mild and steady warm weather, ranging from 65 to 80 degrees, with some of the most beautiful green lawns decorated with flowers throughout Portland.

Portland this summer is the Convention City for many big fraternal organizations, and the Oregon Association of the Deaf are making preparation for a big time from July 1st to 5th, when they will hold their third annual convention.

Prof. H. E. Day, who is acting for the National Research Council of Washington, D. C., and of the Gallaudet College, recently made a survey of the Salem Deaf School. Mr. Day also tested the intelligence of the pupils and their knowledge. It is said he also tested the percentage of the pupils' hearing. The Superintendent and officials of the Salem School are looking for great results from the professor's survey.

The party at the Trinity Lutheran Church, on Saturday night, May 16th, was well attended. Many fine games were played. The event ended with refreshments.

The Ladies of the S. F. L. Club met at the home of Mrs. J. A. Fisher on May 12th. It happened to be near Mrs. Fisher's birthday, and many presents were received mostly wearing apparel. Some fine games were played, in which Mrs. A. Kautz won a prize. The club's next meeting will take place at Mrs. W. F. Cooke's on May 27th.

Miss Grace Porringer was hostess to eleven members of the Wild Rose Club, at the home of Mrs. Wm. Cooke, on the evening of May 6th.

Mr. Ralph Pickett, of Seattle, was a visitor in Portland recently. Mr. Pickett formerly lived in Portland, and his many friends were glad to see him once more. He stayed with his sister, Mrs. Rudy Spieler, while in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Beers, of San Francisco, Cal., are visiting in the Rose City. Mr. Beers formerly lived in Portland. A party will be given in this honor before they return.

Rev. O. Hanson, of Seattle, Wash., will hold services in Portland on Sunday, May 24th, at the St. Stephen's Protestant Cathedral, on 13th Street, corner of Clay, West Side.

Miss Rosalie Hendrickson took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooke on Sunday, May 3d. During the evening several other friends called and were treated with punch and cake.

Mr. Charles Lynch has painted and overhauled his Lizzy, and it is now in fine shape. With Mrs. Lynch, he took Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Nelson out to the Jorges in West Ruby Junction. The Jorges will soon have some fine strawberries. Oh! for a shortcake next time we go out. "Ha, ha."

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Delaney, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Delaney, are the proud father and mother of a daughter, born recently.

Mr. Melvin Barthlow, who returned to Portland recently, after failing to find a better place in California for work, got a job at the big Doernbecher's Furniture Co., and will stay with it, as that plant gives steady work year around.

Mrs. C. Gannon, who recently sprained her ankle, is now able to walk about lively again.

The Convention Committee for the O. A. D. met for the final meeting on Wednesday night, May 20th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Craven.

Everything is now ready for the big go from July 1st to 5th. Wednesday night, July 1st, will see the opening with a reception.

Thursday and Friday will be given over for business sessions. Saturday, the 4th, a big picnic will be given at Bonville Park, a large recreation park forty miles towards the mountain. There will be ball games, tug-of-war and races, where prizes will be given.

Mr. Chas. Lynch will have charge of all games. Mr. J. O. Reichle will arrange transportation by autos. He will announce it at the headquarters on Friday night, at corner of Columbia and 3d Streets. For accommodations see H. P. Nelson, or write to 2829-62 Street, S. E., Portland. Remember all requests should be in by June 25th, after

that date, no low rates can be promised.

While Prof. Day, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., was in Salem. A pleasant time was given him. Mrs. M. Werners and her cooking class girls prepared a fine dinner in his honor. Those who partook were: Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lindstrom, Mr. and Mrs. M. Werners, Miss Marion Finch, and Miss Ethel McElroy, Miss Ruth McKinnon, and Miss Esther Morris. It was a wonderful dinner, according to Mr. Day's statement.

The O. A. D. will have a big time on Saturday night, May 30th, at the Redmans Hall.

H. P. NELSON.

OHIO.

May 30th, 1925—Teachers and pupils spent Tuesday at Olenangy picnic. The weather was rather chilly in the forenoon, but the sun's face was unobscured in the afternoon and thus warmed things up. A year ago the roadways were muddy because of rains, but this year it was different. Several new attractions have been added—acrobatic rides, an out-door dancing floor of concrete, and steel ball.

None of the amusement places were open during the forenoon, so there was nothing doing till after lunch. However, the popcorn and ice cream stands were open during the forenoon and the proprietors were kept busy supplying customers. Aerobline rides were the favorites with the pupils, with the merry-go-round and the old mill well patronized too. Longing eyes were set on the swimming pool. The water was too cool to sport in it, much to the disappointment of those who can swim. By five o'clock all were back at the school tired, but happy, from the day's outing. Six special street cars took the party up and back.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church closed its session here Wednesday. Among its members were Mr. and Mrs. Reischauer from Tokyo, Japan. They were visitors at the School Wednesday morning and attended the Chapel service, where Mrs. Reischauer made an address. By the way, she is in charge of the School for the Deaf in Tokyo, which she founded a few years ago. Their daughter is deaf, and is a pupil at the Northampton School at present.

Mrs. Reischauer thanked the pupils of the Ohio School for the contributions, \$500, they had sent to help educate Japanese deaf children.

Albert Horn, of Zanesville, who by the way, is a tailor, and a pretty good one too, recently got four customers from the school where he was educated and learned the tailoring trade. Four members of this year's graduating class gave Mr. Horn their orders for suits, which he has made in workmanlike manner to the satisfaction of the customers, and much lower in price than could be gotten in Columbus.

The 3d and 4th Intermediate Classes were at Ohio State University on the afternoon of the 23d, where they visited the Museum, saw a baseball game between a Japanese Club and O. S. N., and a tug-of-war contest between the Sophomore and the Freshmen Classes. Some of the freshmen got an unwilling bath in Spring Lake by being hauled into its waters, as it formed the goal between the teams.

Mr. Elasco Burcham, Janitor of the school building, has given his Ford auto to his brother, Grover, and purchased for his use an Overland car.

Commencement exercises at the school will be held on the evening of June 4th. It will be a busy week for pupils and teachers. Examinations Tuesday and Wednesday. Promotions announced Thursday morning, and half holiday in the afternoon.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its last meeting till September 17th, Thursday evening, 21st. Thirty-two members were present. Treasurer reported receipts \$7.75 and expenses \$49.80.

The Secretary read a letter from the Advance Society, thanking the L. A. S. for a donation of \$25 to the Auto Fund. At her request, Miss Evans was transferred from active to an associate member. The Society will hold its annual picnic at the Home for Deaf, Saturday, June 6th.

A. B. G.

Mute Signals Not Guilty; Judge Replies on Fingers

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—When Roy B. Thompson, United States Commissioner, learned the sign language of the deaf and dumb when a schoolboy, in order to circumvent the teacher's anti-whispering rules, he did not imagine he later would find the knowledge useful.

The other day a deaf-mute was present before Commissioner Thompson for arraignment. The commissioner's early training came to the rescue. There was a wriggling of fingers. The commissioner joined in, some papers were signed and the mute walked out.

"What happened?" the clerk asked the commissioner.

"He pleaded not guilty, and I set his bond and the date for his preliminary. That's all. Call the next case."—Home News.

Canadian Clippings.

Miss Margaret Golds, accompanied by the Misses Benlah Wilson and Pearl Heimon, enjoyed the Victoria Day holidays with Margaret's parents in Kitchener.

Mr. Frank E. Harris hied himself away to Simcoe, where he spent Victoria Day with his mother.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the parental home of Mr. William MacGovern on May 21st, when a little bunch of his friends assembled on the quiet and tendered Willie a surprise birthday party. All report a very jolly time. Willie will soon welcome home his deaf sister from the Belleville School.

A good many of our deaf friends went out to other points for the Victoria Day holidays, and so there were not many left in the city.

Mr. Harold Woods, of Malone, N. Y., is one of the latest additions to our deaf population. He is a printer by trade and stays with his brother, Harry. We welcome him.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts, accompanied by their cousin, Miss Eva Roberts, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holt, motored to Jarvis, where they enjoyed the Victoria Day holidays with relatives and friends. They went through a veritable "blissland," where the scenes and air were redolent with beauty and sweet fragrance.

Miss Gwendolyn May Sanders, a cousin of Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Neil A. McGillivray, was one of the nurses-in-training, who graduated with honor at the Western Hospital on May 21st.

The shoe-making firm for which Mr. P. Fraser works is vacating its establishment on Sherbourne Street, and taking up larger and more modern quarters on Carlton Avenue, east of the Don River.

The deaf who remained in the city over the 24th, enjoyed their first picnic of the season at High Park, and had a grand time.

Miss Muriel Allen went out to Hamilton for parental cheer for the 24th holiday.

Mr. Lewis Ireland was spending the Victoria Day holidays with friends here.

Mr. John Marshall was pleased to receive a visit from his mother and sister, of London, who spent the week-end of the 24th in this city.

The second scheduled soft ball game of the church League was played on May 26th, between the St. Christopher boys and our team, and our boys had to take the pill of defeat to the tune of 19 to 10. The change in our lineup did not do any good, but rather the reverse. As a Forrester at first base and Lorenzo Malola behind the bat were our shining lights, the latter's circuit smash with the bases full electrified crowd. James Tate also stung the pellet for a home run. Mr. John Maynard pitched for our team.

Mr. A. H. Cowan, of London, was to have spoken at our Church on Sunday May 24th, but failing to come, Mr. John T. Shilton acceptably filled the gap. Miss Evelyn Elliott rendered a beautiful hymn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pilgrim, of Niagara Falls, were up here over the Victoria Day holidays, visiting relatives and friends.

We were glad to see our old friend Mr. Daniel Fleming, of Craigleith, in our midst over the holidays of May 24th. Dan is the same old free-care bachelor as of yore.

A goodly number of our friends attended a farewell picnic at High Park on May 25th, in honor of Mr. Edgar Every Clayton, who left the following evening for a lengthy visit to his parental home in Vancouver, B. C. There were sports galore all afternoon, and towards evening Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, who were most instrumental in getting up this party, invited all to come and spend the evening at their hospitable home, and all accepted the invitation in joyful spirits. A great time was enjoyed by all, and no doubt Mr. Every Clayton must have felt "big" by the way he was treated. We wish him a pleasant sojourn on the shores of the broad Pacific.

Mr. John Maynard, who has been up at the bedside of his sick mother for the past three weeks, returned to our midst on May 23d. His mother, who is over 70 years of age, is still very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex B. McCaul and daughter enjoyed the Victoria Day recess with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, in Oakville.

We are glad to say that Mr. Geo. Elliott, who met with such a painful accident some weeks ago and has been in the hospital since, is now out and around as usual, minus one finger on his left hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rooney were out visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell, at Birch Cliffe, on May 24th.

Mr. Robert Ensinger went out to Burlington on May 23d, where he remained over the holiday as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Fred Perry and family.

We were pleased to see Mrs. Wesley McAdam, of Battleford, Sask., who along with her child, spent a week with Miss Lucy Buchanan here lately, while on her way to join her husband down near Napawan. She was formerly Miss C. Hammond, of St. Thomas.

Quite a bunch of our young

friends made themselves merry out in West Hill on Victoria Day.

Miss Arlie Chestnut visited friends down in Frankford over the Victoria Day holidays.

Mr. Richard Stephens and his brother-in-law contemplate going soon on a trip to balmy Bermuda, and other points of interest down in the South. The former is a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. George Wedderburn. More later.

Mr. Philip Fraser and his daughter, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. George Wedderburn, motored to Whitney on Victoria Day, and visited our much respected friend and former teacher, Mrs. Euphemia Terrell, who is doing well.

At a largely attended meeting of the deaf here on May 27th, at the Bible Training School, a vote was to have been taken as to the feasibility of purchasing the tract of land at 56 Wellesley Street for a proposed church site. But, owing to a good many wanting the site more centrally and conveniently situated, it was decided, by a large majority, to wait until some other place can be looked into. The Wellesley Street site is offered for the sum of \$20,000, but seems to be too far in the east.

On his way to Vancouver, Mr. Edgar Everclayton proposes making a stop over at Winnipeg to visit his old teacher, Mrs. Annie Cook, and at Moose Jaw, to see Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bell.

The Ladies' Aid of our Church met at the home of Mrs. Henry Whealy, on May 28th, to discuss impending details.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and two children spent the Victoria Day holidays at the parental home of Mrs. Grooms in Solina, and report a glorious time.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Colough has been down with measles lately, but little Melvin is almost himself again.

Mr. William R. Watt says he had a splendid meeting in Sarisa on May 24th. There were friends from all around the countryside besides Mr. and Mrs. Cus. Sadows and Mrs. Riberty of Detroit, and Mrs. Hardenberg and daughter, Eva, of Pontiac. Mrs. Riberty and Mrs. Hardenberg look much younger with bobbed hair.

LONDON LEAVES.

Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, accompanied by his wife and two children, when up here on May 16th and 17th, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cowan in South London. Mr. Lloyd gave a clear cut sermon that Sunday on the "Everlasting Life," and was favored by a large and appreciative crowd.

Mrs. George McDonald and son, Bryce, of Ford City, were the guests of her sister, Mrs. Smith, in South London over the 24th.

Miss Hazel Wilkins, of Windsor, was in the city over the Victoria Day holidays, visiting an uncle.

The London Senior Baseball team journeyed to St. Thomas on Wednesday afternoon, May 20th, to try conclusions with the Senior Saints, but Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., who accompanied them was sorry to see his favorites go down to defeat.

Miss Madeline Dubois has accepted a position at the McCormick Soda Biscuit works, and is doing fine.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dark paid a visit to St. Thomas, on May 10th.

The many friends of Mrs. Cartwright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Buck, of Nilestown, will be glad to learn that she is fast recovering from her recent serious illness.

Mr. John W. Smalton, of St. Thomas, was a recent week-end guest of Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr.

Mr. James P. Orr, of Milverton, motored here on May 16th, and spent the week-end with Mr. George Moore.

Mr. Pence, of Detroit, motored down on May 17th, and spent the day calling on friends, returning home the same evening.

Mr. Ernie Simpson, of Ford City, accompanied by Mr. James Goodbrand and the latter's daughter, also of Ford, motored to this city on May 23d, returning the following Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cone came up from Woodstock on May 16th, and visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., and returned home the following evening.

DETROIT.

"The Metropolitan Link" a weekly paper published in Highland Park, Mich., will be a monument to the memory of R. V. Jones. The paper will during its life be one that was named by a Michigan deaf-mute. Modesty was the reason given by Mr. Jones, in not having it published in the JOURNAL sooner. It is surely a feather in Bob's cap, to be able to come in first before so many competitors. The following clipping from the weekly paper will be sufficient proof.

JONES EXPRESSES HIS APPRECIATION.

Second. The Metropolitan Link seems a good cognomen, as this district is a necessary link in Detroit's proposed metropolitan area.

The publisher of the Metropolitan Link is in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Robert V. Jones, the winner of the recent name prize contest, and previously one of the winners in the House that Ads Built Contest.

MR. A. L. KINGSLEY,

Publisher Metropolitan Link.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to convey my grateful acknowledgments to you for the check for \$25, which I was awarded as the prize winner in the name contest, which you instituted recently for the new paper. I assure you, this money comes in handy and I am proud to have been selected as the winner, and also I am glad to know the name I chose will be borne by the paper which I feel is destined to serve this section's best interests through the years to come.

We watch for the paper and read it all with interest, and we are confident it is destined to grow in influence and popularity with each succeeding issue.

With the best wishes for your own and the paper's continued prosperity and again thanking you, I am, Sincerely,

ROBERT V. JONES.

Mrs. Helen M. Hogan dropped in at the club room during a joint meeting of the D. A. D., and Ladies' Aux. Vice President Heyman, who was acting president, because of the non-appearance of President McCarthy, invited her to the platform. She gave a very interesting talk, comparing the different clubs in other cities with the D. A. D. She ended with the declaration that the D. A. D., was no better or no worse than other clubs. She told with pride the long friendship of her husband and Editor Hodgson.

Mrs. Hogan is in the dressmaking business for herself, and received several orders for dresses from the deaf and hearing ladies here. Her next stop will be in Chicago. Then she will go to the home she paid for, near Akron, O.

The rumor about R. V. Jones selling his home, which he bought a year ago, is, as Jones puts it, partly true and mostly exaggerated. I motored out there Sunday with my son and wife to verify the rumor personally. Mr. Jones told me that his department was given notice to move to the River Rouge plant. As this plant is about fifteen miles from Jones' home, he announced that his equity in the home was for sale. However, when the date to move came, Jones, with his usual luck, was transferred to a two-shift department. Consequently he took the "for sale" sign in. Jones has a cozy five-room bungalow out in Hazel Park, near the 9 mile Road.

Mrs. W. M. Rheiner will, after the Flint reunion, take a two-month vacation in a summer resort not mentioned.

While Geo. Tripp, President of the Michigan Association for the Deaf, Prof. F. M. Kauffman, Mr. De Champlain and Miss Swanson were returning to Flint in their auto, they were run into by another car. Mr. Tripp was the most seriously injured, receiving a scalp wound. The four were the life of the N. F. S. D. entertainment. Full particulars, later, either by me or the Flint correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Musladin, who has been making their stay here for some time, are going to motor to New York and then return west to their home in San Francisco.

The Fishing Pond Social at the D. A. D. was a success as well as a novelty. Many prizes were awarded. The largest and best prize was awarded Mrs. Fred Wilcox, eight one-dollar bills, for the insignificant sum of ten cents. The lunch counter was presided over by Mrs. A. Schneider, Mrs. Edw. Homan and Miss Irma Winters.

Mr. Henry Hillman and Miss Norma Alexander were the principals in a happy wedding, Saturday, May 23d, at the bride's home. Miss Cora Ryan acted as bridesmaid. Early in June Miss Cora Ryan will accompany the happy couple to Kentucky in their new Hupmobile car.

Cleveland, O., is less two persons just now Leslie McComb is in Detroit, working at Ralston's Printing Company. The other, Mr. Kohn-gold, is at Ford's R. R. Plant.

Mrs. Viola Duncan, of East Akron, O., has been visiting in Detroit several weeks.

Mr. John Lawrence, of Moweaqua, Ill., made a flying visit to

Detroit to see his son-in-law, Chas. Ashby. He reports Mrs. Ashby and baby are in the best of health. He returned home next day.

F. E. RYAN.

10222 John R Street.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary,
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Chamberlain—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC

Bronx Div., No. 92, N. F. S. D.

AT

HAARMANN'S CASINO
814 Jamaica Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, July 25, 1925

(Afternoon and Evening)

ADMISSION 50 Cents

DIRECTIONS—At Chambers St. Subway take Jamaica Avenue to Cypress Hill Street, walk one block to the park.
MATTHEW J. BLAKE, Chairman.

OUTING and PICNIC

Hebrew Association of the Deaf [INCORPORATED]

Saturday Afternoon, July 11, 1925

Gates open at one o'clock

AT DEXTER PARK, Woodhaven, N. Y.

Jamaica train to Eldert Lane Station

INDOOR BASEBALL AND OTHER NEW GAMES
DANCING CONTEST FOR PRIZES

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—David Pollinsky (Chairman), Charles Sussman (Secretary), M. W. Loew, Julius Seandal, H. Plappinger, Max Hoffman, Morris Kremen, A. Halpert, Miss Freda Goldwasser, Miss Lena Stoloff, Miss Zeldia Bernstein.

MUSIC BY WAAS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS, 55 CENTS

Annual Bal Masque

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB
OF PHILADELPHIA

TURNGEMEINDE HALL

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PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening, November 7, 1925

ADMISSION (including war tax and wardrobe) ONE DOLLAR

Cash Prizes for Costumes

Excellent Music

JAS. L. JENNINGS, Chairman.

RESERVED SPACE FOR
MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87, N. F. S. D.
Saturday, November 21, 1925

RESERVED FOR
HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF'S CHARITY BALL
Saturday, January 30, 1926

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Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton. West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

FOURTH ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES OF

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

NATIONAL PARK
FOREST STREET, WINFIELD, L. I.

Saturday, June 27, 1925

DANCING CONTEST FOR CASH PRIZES

DIRECTIONS—I. R. T. Subway to Grand Central Station. Take Queensboro Subway (Corona L. I. Line) to Flisk Avenue Station, walk one block North to the Park.
B. M. T. (Fourth Avenue Local) Change at Queensboro Plaza. Take Corona, L. I. Line to Flisk Avenue.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—V. R. Anderson (Chairman), Jacob Friedman, M. P. Monabessier, Leopold Frey, Emory F. Wolgamot, Max Lubin, Chas. Olsen, Irving Lovitch.

ADMISSION, 55 CENTS

PICNIC

OF THE

NEWARK DIVISION, No. 42

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

FLORAL PARK
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY

ON

Saturday, July 18, 1925

[Particulars Later]

THIRD—ANNUAL

PICNIC

under auspices of

Jersey City Division, No. 91

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

FLORAL PARK

North Bergen, N. J.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 1, 1925

[Full Particulars Later]

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

PICNIC and GAMES

UNDER AUSPICES

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT

At Ulmer Park

ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 22, 1925

[Particulars Later]

JACK SELTZER, Chairman

BIGGER AND BETTER H. A. D. BAZAAR
December 9, 10, 12, 13, 1925

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BY THE MEMBERS OF THE

V. B. G. A.

AT

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 20th

Curtain rises 8:30

Plenty of Laughter, Thrills and Action

ADMISSION, 35 CENTS

Benefit of the Coal Fund

Refreshments on Sale

STAGE MANAGER—REV. JOHN H. KENT

FINE PRIZES NEW GAMES

Strawberry Festival and Games

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

will be held at

ST. MARK'S PARISH HOUSE

630 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One block from Broadway and Myrtle Avenue "L" Station

Saturday evening, June 13, 1925

at 6 o'clock

Admission, 35 Cents

(Including Refreshments)

Elizabeth Prims,
Chairman.

Charles J. Sanford

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

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Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

Theatrical Entertainment

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

October 17, 1925

MRS. J. H. MCCLUSKEY,
Chairman.

Space Reserved for the ATHLETIC MEET and DANCE under the auspices of BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

69th Avenue, A. L. McLaughlin, A. J. Laine, E. M. Anderson, A. Hitchcock, Liebshon Miss Gantz.

1892 33d ANNIVERSARY OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

and celebration in memory of

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet

Birthday

AT

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL
230 Adelphi Street

Saturday evening, June 13, 1925

Committee—A. L. McLaren, R. H. Anderson, Wm. G. Gilbert, A. J. Laine, E. M. Anderson, A. Hitchcock, Liebshon Miss Gantz.

TICKETS, 35 CENTS

Including Ice Cream and Cake

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Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

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BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first Saturday of each month, offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: JOHN J. STIGLITZ, 64 1/2 Broadway, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 91

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., the first Friday of each month. Visiting welcome. For information write: Edward P. Bonvillian, Secretary, 125 Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. State meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are provided for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortimer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

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INCORPORATED 1898

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Joseph A. Waterman, President.

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Literary Circle..... Fourth Saturday

Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second and Third Saturdays

Gilbert O. Erickson, Chairman.

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The Church Mission to the Deaf

Dioceses of Bethlehem, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Erie.

Rev. Franklin C. Smiley, Missionary.

Selling Grove, Pa.

APPOINTMENTS FOR MAY.

30—Hastings, 8 P.M., Lecture.

31—Hastings, 11 A.M.

31—Scranton, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

31—Wilkes Barre, 7:30 P.M.